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humanity in man, and makes the brute predominate. Impelled by this ferocious instinct, men have eaten their companions, and women have even eaten their own children. Hunger has thus a twofold character; beside the picture of the activities it inspires, we must also contemplate the picture of the ferocities it evokes."

Of Thirst Mr. Lewes says:

"During abstinence from food, the organism can still live upon its own substance, which furnishes all the necessary material, but during absence from liquid, the organism has no such source of supply within itself.

"Men have been known to endure absolute privation of food for some weeks, but three days of absolute privation of drink (unless in a moist atmosphere) is perhaps the limit of endurance. Thirst is the most atrocious torture ever invented by Oriental tyrants. It is that which most effectually tames animals. Mr. Astley, when he had a refractory horse, always used thirst as the most effective power of coercion, giving a little water as the reward for every act of obedience."

MOUNTAINS AND PRAIRIES.

SOME hearts are like the prairies, and some are like the hills,
And one may nurse the torrent, and one the silent rills.
The mountain for the shadows, the prairie for the sun,
And hearts for love and blessing were fashioned every one.

The solemn hills look lonely, but climb, and there will be
A beckoning and a welcome from glen, and crag, and tree,
Where falling waters echo the murmur of the pine,
And winds from dell to cavern sweep harmonies divine.

Forever smil'd the prairie, one sunlit round of green,
With streams and pools reflecting all day the golden sheen.
When summer comes to drape her in robes of scented bloom,
The splendor and the sweetness for longing leave no room.

Sometimes the hills are frowning, yet peace is in their shade
Among the cool, bright mosses that in the sun would fade,
The rills are pure that trickle among the jagged rocks,
Where many a hidden blossom the bending azure mocks.

The prairie has no secret to veil from earth or sky;
In boundless waste of beauty her open treasures lie;
Her southwind's dreamy whisper breathes warm from side to side;

But from her black tornados there is no nook to hide.

There is a beauteous terror enshrined among the hills;
The joy of perfect sunshine the prairie's bosom fills;
Her overflow of bounty enriches every guest;—
But strength is in the mountains, and deep, mysterious rest.

LUOY LAROOM.

It is not uncommon for the understanding to grasp a great general truth, without a minute perception of its elements, or of the various principles which it involves. Certain truths, especially to intellects of a certain class, are like the New World when first discovered by Columbus, of which he could little dream the vastness or undeveloped capabilities.—*Chulow.*

GREAT men undertake great things, because these are truly great—fools, because they imagine them easy.—*Vauvenargues.*

THOMAS SEDDON.

We learn something about Art by a study of works of Art, perhaps more may be learned of it by a study of artists, lives. Among interesting biographies lately published is that of Thomas Seddon, who was considered to be an artist of the Pre-Raphaelite school in England. Whether he adopted this title himself, or whether it was bestowed upon him, we know not; sufficient for our purposes, he was born an artist, and loved the profession better than any other that presented itself to him during his short career on earth. The excellent memoir from which we make extracts below—such extracts as partially exhibit the different sides of his character—is prepared by a brother. Thomas Seddon was born on the 28th August, 1821:

At the age of six years and a half he was sent to the school of the Rev. Joseph Barron, at Epsom, which was afterwards removed to Stanmore, in Middlesex, and there he remained till about sixteen years of age. The school was conducted on the Pestalozzian system. As the studies of the boys were considerably varied, and their attention was directed to the natural sciences as well as to the classics and mathematics, his mind was allowed to find and follow to a great extent its natural bias. During the holidays it was his chief delight to collect shells, minerals, birds' eggs, and insects, and in search of such curiosities he would range over wide tracts of country. A taste for drawing was early indicated. He was seldom without a pencil in his hand, and the blank leaves of lesson-books, as well as every available scrap of paper, were covered with sketches of animals and caricatures of his schoolfellows. He was fond of books, and often gained places in his class by the opportune remembrance of facts which he had read in Plutarch's Lives, and other favorite authors. When any scene or incident had fired his imagination, he strove to embody it in a picture; and there still exist some few drawings illustrative of "Marmion," full of spirit, and showing considerable knowledge of the dress and armor of the period.

After leaving school, he entered his father's business. The occupation, however, was uncongenial. From a sense of duty, and from an affectionate desire to assist his father, he did his utmost to master its details; but he could never conquer a deep-seated disinclination. His leisure was devoted to drawing, and in the hope of at once gratifying this taste, and rendering it subservient to professional purposes, his father sent him, in 1841, to Paris, to study ornamental art. Here he made great proficiency as a draughtsman and designer, and, after a year's sojourn, returned, speaking the French language as fluently as his own. But from his residence in that gay and seductive capital he derived no other benefit. Amongst idle acquaintances, he contracted a taste for pleasure and dissipation, which unnerved his mind, and made it doubly difficult to concentrate his energies on any irksome calling. Happily, however, he brought back a large measure of his habitual conscientiousness, and was kept from entirely deserting his post by his anxiety to serve his father.

His conscientiousness prompted him to analyze his feelings and motives—perhaps to a morbid extent; for example, the following "memorandum":

"My father objects that I could never live on fifty pounds

a-year, and that I have not the energy or habits of work. As to the former point, I will not say that I can; but having many things by me, I should not require more for one or two years, and afterwards I should be able to earn enough to supply myself amply. As to the latter, I am convinced that a man can do what he will, if only he have sufficient inducement to make the effort. I have not yet had that inducement. 'Better is an handful with quietness than both the hands full with travail and vexation of spirit' (Eccl. iv. 6). 'For God giveth to a man that is good in his sight, wisdom, and knowledge, and joy: but to the sinner he giveth travail, to gather and to heap up. This also is vanity and vexation of spirit' (chap. ii. 26). A man should labor, and may enjoy the fruit of his labor, and lay by for the evil day; but it is the sinner who travails, in order to gather and to heap up riches—who gives his whole time to heap up store upon store, unsatisfied with the gradual and certain provision that a diligent application to the duties of his station will procure him. . . . The word *travail* well expresses the painfully anxious, all-absorbing struggle of a man intent merely upon getting this world's goods. I have always wished to make a fortune as quickly as possible, which, I fear, is not being contented with the lot in which it has pleased God to place me. Am I not in danger of travelling for that which perisheth?"

Thus resolved to make the best of circumstances, he applied to the work before him. For the present, he must deny himself, and leave "high art" to happier aspirants. At least for a season, it was to be his vocation to make designs for furniture, and superintend their execution. He therefore wisely acquiesced in what appeared to be his providential destiny; and, instead of calling it a bondage, and fretting at his chains, he at once bravely threw into it all his heart and soul, and determined to excel.

Excursions into the country, to enjoy trees, meadows, streams, and mountains, and quiet, all in harmony with the impulses of his nature, formed some of the sources of his inspiration. Let us look at Seddon in Wales:

He visited North Wales in the course of the summer of 1849, in the company of his brother, and spent some weeks at Bettws y Coed. Situated at the confluence of the Conway and several smaller streams, this village is surrounded with varied and beautiful scenery, and is a favorite resort of artists. During that summer, many well-known members of the water-color societies were staying there, and in their company Thomas Seddon commenced his first real studies of landscape. Parties of four or five together would start every morning, attended by a boy to carry their materials, and having selected neighboring positions, would sketch all day, and returning in the evening, they would all meet to compare their works and discuss questions of art. Even at that period, he was distinguished by painstaking and care. He would stoutly maintain, that it was far better to secure but two or three good studies during the usual stay which each artist was able to make, than to confine their practice, as was usual, to mere sketching. Instead of the single day which they usually devoted to an important scene and a large canvas, in his opinion, weeks would hardly suffice; and he would applaud, in spite of the decision of the majority, the heroic resolution of an amateur, who declared that he would give himself three weeks' hard work to endeavor to draw one single branch of a tree properly, and that if he succeeded, he would continue his studies, but that if he failed, he would

abandon the brush for the fishing-rod, and decamp. A sketch made by him in the visitors' book at "the Royal Oak," to which every artist is expected to contribute, is characteristic and amusing. It represents what he himself had once witnessed, a carriage and four dashing through the village—unquestionably one of the most beautiful in Wales—and starting the repose of geese, pigs, and other roadside loungers, whilst the enlightened occupant of the vehicle, an old gentleman in search of the picturesque, is comfortably asleep within, as also the portly footman, and the lady's-maid in the dicky behind.

On his route from Wales, he stayed for a day at Holywell, where there is a beautiful Gothic structure over a fountain, which flows thence into a pool in a courtyard in front. Here he began sketching the bathers, with their wet dresses clinging around them, and was soon surrounded by troops of the inhabitants, to many of whom he gave a few pence to induce them to enter the water, so as to furnish him with subjects to sketch from. The amusement that this created was excessive, and he was besieged with entreaties for portraits. Indeed, they begged him to remain till the Saturday, when they would receive their week's wages, and would give him commissions enough to make a small fortune, which, however, to their regret, he was forced to decline.

In 1850 he goes to France, and writes from the beautiful Forest of Fontainebleau:

Last night we went to a cavern about a mile and a half off. We thought we would illuminate it; so we cut branches of pine, stuck them all round, and lighted them, and began to brew a bowl of punch by torchlight; but unfortunately we forgot the smoke, and were obliged to retreat to the rocks outside. What with the torches and our outlandish costumes, we looked a most awful set of banditti; and being all armed with pikes to climb over the rocks, we were passably picturesque as we sat in a circle round the flaming bowl. I must tell you the cause of our jollification. The government intended to cut down the greater part of the Bas Brean, the oldest part of the forest, and close to the village, and to replant it with young trees. All the trees were marked, and the destruction was to have begun soon; however, the artists represented that it was invaluable for the landscape painters of France, and authentic news arrived last night that it was to be spared.

Let "government" have credit for that! Returning home, he became interested in a workman's drawing-school; over-exertion and exposure brought on a fit of illness, from the effects of which he never recovered. In connection with this illness appears another phase of his character. His brother says:

From his youth he had known and confessed the value of religion, and had made frequent efforts to live according to its rules; but never having given himself wholly to God, his better resolutions were again and again overborne by besetting sins. Passages like the following show how serious his occasional feelings were. They were written in his journal in 1844, and after a severe affliction:

"I thank my God for His merciful goodness to me in His fatherly chastisement. Lord, pardon me, and for Christ's sake keep me from presumptuous confidence. Thou hast said, 'Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth.' O, my Father, for-

sake me not, for Jesus' merits. Pardon me, and lead me to Thee; and should adversity be better for me, let me truly say and feel, 'Thy will be done,' and let me kiss the rod."

And, once more:

"O Lord God, humble me. Help me to be not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving Thee. Help me by Thy grace, through Christ, to be a faithful *servant*, employing both my time and money in Thy service and to Thy glory. Help me to employ the talents Thou hast given me diligently, and never to speculate on the morrow. May I cast all my care on Thee, who *carest* for me!"

Such reflections, written for his own guidance, show that he then ardently desired to live in the service of God. . . . His prayer was graciously answered. After weeks of pain, he arose from his bed a wiser and a happier man; and although the many natural excellences of his character rendered the change less conspicuous than it might otherwise have been, those who knew him best regarded that sickness as the turning-point in his spiritual history, and the commencement of his practical Christianity.

Almost coincident with it was the commencement of his professional career. We have seen how his entire soul was absorbed in Art; but hitherto he had dutifully repressed his aspirations, and had indulged the luxury of painting only at spare hours, and during his yearly holiday. The time had, however, at last arrived when he felt that he could follow the bent of his own mind without any sacrifice of the interests of his family.

Again resuming country excursions, he visits Gloucestershire, where he passes some time on the top of a hill, from which he could see the Welsh hills "near Pilhwhlhwermly, which, again, is near the celebrated Brhlwmlhlwelhwyr, or Devil's Punch-bowl." After this, he re-visits France. Here are more passages from his Paris letters:

"I was too late for the exhibition at Paris; but I saw the 'Œuvres récompensées,' which I think would have made you groan. A very, very few of the best looked like clever half-finished works; not a single good landscape. At the Luxembourg, Rosa Bonheur's 'Oxen' looks like a charming poem by the side of the Académie treacle: the landscape and all is *une nature vaporeuse et fraîche*; and there is a peasant in a blue blouse against the blue sky, which would ravish your soul. The re-arrangement at the Louvre is a great improvement; and the great Paul Veronese and the Titians look beautiful after the cleaning. I confess, with shame, that the Raphaels looked uninteresting, excepting the portraits, and that lovely head, of which I have a lithograph. 'Vive l'Angleterre!' I believe we shall beat them all in time; I only despair of the grand Titian. I hope to become a *passé-maître en chevalerie*. . . . I did not feel strong enough three weeks ago to work hard, but now I think I am up to anything reasonable in the working line. My brain was quite dry in London, and I could not screw out an idea; but here, from being quiet all day, I suppose, I have an *embarras de richesses*, the difficulty being to keep thinking of the same subject two days running; so I religiously dot down everything that strikes me; and I have a perfect *mêlée* of Bible themes and chivalry. First, Keats's 'Ode to the Nightingale' set me off on

"The self-same song cheer'd the sad heart of Ruth,
When, sick for home, she stood in tears amid the alien corn;
and I made a design and drew it out on canvas, when the im-

possibility of finding a Christian-like corn-field brought me up short. Here they tie their corn in little wisps, like plantain-seed for canaries; and as they only cut off about eight inches of straw with it, the field is left so unlike English corn-fields, that H—— judiciously observed, 'No one would recognize it,' and Ruth's legs would have been hidden as high as the knee. Then the good King René's *chansons* give me divers chivalric impulses. But my greatest thirst is to paint Elijah, and the old prophets of Baal as they leaped on their altar, and cut themselves with knives, crying, 'O Baal, hear us!' And again, when Jehosaphat and Ahab, seated on their throne by the gate, hear the false prophets (1 Kings xxii. 10, etc.); and Zedekiah made him horns of iron, and said, 'Thus saith the Lord, With these shalt thou push the Syrians, until thou have consumed them.' But these must wait for Syria. I should make regular wild-looking Arab conjurers, with long tangled hair. I think that either would be a glorious subject, and quite unlike the classic mode of representing Scripture subjects. And I think of painting Shakespeare playing Hamlet as it was really played at the Old Globe, with the stage all hung round with black, and the young gallants seated on the side of the stage on the ground, eating nuts and oranges, and flipping the shells at the pit."

In 1853, Seddon and Holman Hunt arranged together to visit the Holy Land. Seddon starts first by the way of Egypt. His letters contain graphic descriptions of the scenery, people, and wonders generally of the Orient. He possessed a keen sense of humor, and, as an artist, a love for objects that especially interested his mind through his enjoyment of color—at least we judge so, because he is most enthusiastic over such subjects. The extracts given below indicate his perception of humor and his powers of description:

"I think that I shall have no difficulty in inducing people to sit for painting, now that I can talk to them. I am afraid that I shall hardly do as many pictures as I hoped; but I already feel that I am improving very much in painting, and especially in figure-painting, which is important. The irregular troops who form escorts, and are a sort of country gendarmerie, are the most picturesque-looking cut-throats you ever saw, dressed in ragged finery, as many-colored as the rainbow. I think of painting one of them on horseback, with his long gun and two brace of long pistols (most dangerous weapons to the firer), and a knife or two in his sash. . . . The horses here are good but spoiled by their putting them into full gallop, and pulling them up short in ten yards, and twirling them about; and the saddles of the fine gentlemen are most absurd affairs, weighing I do not know how much, being covered with plates of silver gilt. Ayrtton Boy, an Englishman here, told me there are a hundred and twenty solid silver crescents and wheat-sheaves on his housings, and they are so badly put on that he cannot afford to go fast when he uses that saddle; for a gallop in the desert would rattle half of them off. Then there are thirty or forty bullion tassels on the martingale or headstall, and on the horse's back, behind the saddle, a piece of worsted-work embroidery of all imaginable colors; and so, with all this finery, they go caracolliing like rocking-horses through the town. The donkeys here are the gentlemen."

The following gives an idea of Oriental feeling for color and decoration:

"To-day we all met at Mr. Bruce's, in order to visit a celebrated apartment in the house of the Chief Judge of Cairo, or Sheikh of the Mufti. . . . It is certainly the most beautiful room which I have ever seen; very rich, and yet ornamented with a delicate taste, that one looks for in vain in the barbaric splendor of England or France at the time of Louis XIV. or XV. I have drawn the plan. There are two large transepts, like those of a church, fitted up with divans, and a smaller one at one end, all three having the floor raised six inches above the centre part; in the middle of which is a basin sunk in the ground for a fountain, which, together, with the whole floor, is of richly inlaid marbles; and in the centre of each end, opposite each divan, there is a recess, the top of which is worked into dropping pendants, like stalactites, while the *fonds* is beautifully inlaid. Below there is a sloping slab of porphyry, with little inlaid pieces of marble on each side, down which the water trickles, while it flows in one broad sheet over the slope in the centre. I cannot imagine anything more delightfully cooling, both in reality and in appearance, than these in hot weather. The walls of the room are lined with porcelain tiles to a height of seven feet above the ground, and in the centres, over the divans, are elaborate panels inlaid with ivory. The windows above are of stained glass, the most beautiful I ever saw. Instead of being an attempt to imitate pictures, they are formed of separate pieces of glass, set in a framework of plaster, in the shapes of flowers, each leaf and petal being of a different color, and looking more like jewelry than glass. The ceiling was very richly ornamented with gold, and decoration very much like that upon the finest Indian shawls. If Hunt does not paint this, I may possibly do so; at any rate, I will make a sketch, if I can. There is nothing gaudy in their ornament; it is all upon the same principle as their rich shawls and carpets." . . .

An eccentric English traveller is thus sketched :

"I like the old Major. He came back on Friday from the Pyramids, saying, that of all the impositions he had ever heard of, they were the greatest; and that people who cry them up, and induce others to come all the way to see them, are greater asses than those they ride on. Such was his indignation, he would not go to the top; however, he knocked off a piece, and also a chip from the Sphinx (not the remainder of the nose), to add to his collection of relics. I hope he will not go to Italy; the Venus and Apollo would each lose a toe."

One more :

"I heard a capital story on Friday evening at Mr. B—'s, of a dandified *attaché* at Constantinople, who travelled into Koor-distan, intending to copy Layard, and write a book. He was what he called *roughing* it, with six or seven horses carrying his necessaries; i. e., a few things he could not possibly do without. Among them were the wooden frames for cleaning his boots and shoes, and a case of bottles, of a peculiarly fine varnish, for his polished leathers. He was attacked by the Arabs, who overhauled his kit. When they came to the bottles, they opened them; and the varnish being made with Madeira, and scented with all sorts of good things, it smelt so nice that the thieves thought it must be something to drink. In vain did he explain that it was paint for his boots. They were sure that it was too delicious for that, and, in order to try, he should drink some; so they took out one of his own cut-glass tumblers, and made him drink a glass of his own boot-varnish!"

Having "shown up" one or two examples of English character, here is an allusion to "somebody else's folks:"

"The hotel is now quite full, as the boats are returning from up the Nile, and the people are preparing for Syria. We have four Americans and a dissenting preacher, who are most amusing. The Americans have been trying to see who will take them through the fastest and cleapest. They think two days at Jerusalem a great deal too much, while the dissenting parson fights manfully for a week. The Americans boast of having made the quickest journey up to the first Cataract this year. They did Thebes in two days and a half; and they say that an industrious man may do it easily in two! They seem to look upon life as a steeple-chase."

Seddon found an English invalid at Cairo, a stranger, and slowly sinking under his malady. Seddon watched the sufferer until the day of his death, ministering to all his wants, and, in the meantime, pursuing his artistic labors. While thus situated, he painted a picture representing a "Sunset View of the Pyramids." His biographer says:

The Sunset View of the Pyramids was eminently successful. No one who has seen it will readily forget it. With its intensity of solitude, and with the daylight departing from those solemn memorials of human grandeur and frailty, it is a sublime poem, and the spell deepens as we gaze. Soon after the author's death, it was thus noticed in one of the leading literary journals: "Our readers will remember that we especially drew their attention, some time since, to the 'Sunset behind the Pyramids,' as a picture of singular beauty. Connected with this very beautiful work of Art is a little history, which, now that death has placed his seal upon the hand which painted it, sheds a glory over the painter and the picture. In the Desert, Mr. Seddon had accidentally met a young Englishman, who was near to death, and, in order to soothe his last weeks of suffering, took up his abode with the invalid, in the true spirit of the 'good Samaritan,' and never left him until he had closed his eyes in peace. It was during this time of watching beside the otherwise desolate deathbed of a stranger in the desert, that this beautiful picture was commenced, and almost entirely painted. It is lovely to recognize how, when the hour of his own need arrived for the painter—also in the desert—a ministration of human love was raised up for him who had on a similar occasion so nobly acquitted himself of the last duties towards a fellow-sufferer."*

Pre-Raphaelite faithfulness is apparent in the letter dated in March, 1854 :

"You will be, perhaps, surprised to hear that our plans are changed; but the fact is, that Hunt discovered, two or three weeks ago, that when Jacob left his father's house he was a middle-aged man of forty, which has stopped him from painting a picture of him in the wilderness, as he had intended to have done at Sinai; so that, not being a landscape-painter, he thought he could not spend a whole summer there."

And Arabic manners and customs in this :

"To-day my boy's mother came to me, and asked me to write a paper to prevent her husband's beating her. In vain I represented that it was a very delicate thing to interfere in;

that, in fact, the beating was a very good thing, and would make her the better; and, finally, that I could not write in Arabic, and that nobody in the village could read English. She said that English would do just as well; so, as it was no use insisting, she brought me some paper, and I wrote—'I hereby order Abdallah Ebu Kateen not to beat El biut esma Miriam biut l'el Zobeid, his wife, under pain of my heavy displeasure; and if he persists, I shall send the Howager Hunt to settle him.' (Signed) 'THOMAS SEDDON.' The lady was delighted, and blessed me, and knelt down and kissed my hand; and her son and she called me all the grand names in the world. . . . Behold me receiving *quasi* divine honors in my painting costume, consisting of a wide-awake hat, with my kufeeya round it as a turban, and a long white Arab shirt and shawl!"

Shortly after the date of the letter from which the above extract is taken, Seddon departed for Palestine. In his own words, he went "to assist in directing attention to Jerusalem, and thus to render the Bible more easily understood" by his art. He begun to paint, and thus describes his position:

"The sky is pure blue, and I am sitting on the roots of an ancient olive, under the shade of which my tent is pitched. It is a noble tree, fully seven or eight feet in diameter, and the flat spreading roots give every variety of elbow and lounging-chair; but I am quite hardened now, and sleep soundly on rough stony ground, with a stone for a pillow.

"Just under where I am, the harvesting operations are going on all day long, as it is their principal threshing-floor; all the wheat is collected there, being brought either on men's heads or on donkeys. Each proprietor places his own in a heap by itself, and men are appointed by the village to guard it by day and night. The threshing is still more rude than in Egypt, and a very slow process. They drive cattle and donkeys over it in a circle, which reduces it into powder, and then they throw it up into the air in the morning and afternoon breeze, to blow away the chaff. Before daybreak, the vocal performances of the donkeys and the bleating show that a move is going to take place, and soon small clouds of black goats and sheep issue from the little rocky village of Siloam, and spread over the mountain side, amid the shouts of the Arabs driving or leading them to pasture. In about half an hour troops of donkeys come galloping madly down the steep road, with men running and urging them on to Joab's well, and soon return, now slowly climbing up to Jerusalem with water for the inhabitants to drink. Poor donkeys! they and their drivers have a hard life; they gallop madly down hill, and creep up with their heavy water-skins till sunset. The spring of Siloam is intermittent, so the time when the water flows varies; but when it does, the screams of the women and shouts of the men, all quarrelling, and trying each to get as much as he or she can for her own garden, quite drowns the plashing of the little cascades of water, leaping from terrace to terrace, and running along the little channels, and so distributing itself all over. When the head-man thinks that one division has had a sufficient share, he has that channel stopped, and then every man, woman, and child belonging to these gardens bursts into a scream of indignant remonstrance at the injustice of giving them so little; no one ever allows that they have had a fair share themselves. In the middle of the day, all the flocks are driven in to water, and then they remain on the mountain sides till after the sun goes

down. You see them returning in long strings, generally with a shepherd in front and one behind, and the sheep and black goats following in a long line, one by one. The Syrian sheep have very peculiar tails, hanging loose from the middle of a great round cushion of fat. It is very interesting to see the sheep all going after the shepherd, as of old, though I fear that, from the big stones thrown occasionally at a straggler, some of them are hirelings. The good shepherd now encourages his flock by talking to them, 'ow, aow, aow, aow, kik, kik, kik, kik, kik, tohà, tohà, wehke, wehke, chke, iz, uzz, iz, sz, sz, sz, sshh, sshh, sshh, ow, ow, ow,' and so on. I copied it down *verbatim*, so it is quite correct. The 'wehke' is a deep, deep guttural, pronounced rather below the pit of the stomach."

His principal picture is a view of Jerusalem, taken from one of the surrounding hills, which picture is now in the English National Gallery, having been purchased by subscription after his death, and placed there. Towards the close of the year 1854 he returned to Europe. He opened a studio in London in 1855, displayed his oriental studies in it, exhibited several works in the Royal Academy, obtained commissions, and found himself on the road to competence and professional distinction. Having met with such success, he, in 1856, determined upon a second visit to the East; in the words of his biographer,

With the experience he had already gained, he hoped to be able to do far more than on the previous occasion, and having obtained some reputation by his Eastern pictures, it seemed wise to follow out the same line; his own feelings also irresistibly inclined him to the choice of sacred subjects, which could only be truly and naturally painted where the incidents actually occurred.

But he got no further than Cairo. Illness overtook him in this city, and finally, death. We close this slight review of his brother's memoir with the following estimate of his works by Mr. Ruskin:

Mr. Seddon's works are the first which represent a truly historic landscape art; that is to say, they are the first landscapes uniting perfect artistic skill with topographical accuracy; being directed with stern self-restraint, to no other purpose than that of giving to persons who cannot travel, trustworthy knowledge of the scenes which ought to be most interesting to them. Whatever degrees of truth may have been attained or attempted by previous artists have been more or less subordinate to pictorial or dramatic effect. In Mr. Seddon's works, the primal object is to place the spectator, as far as art can do, in the scene represented, and to give him the perfect sensation of its reality, wholly unmodified by the artist's execution.

A PENETRATING judgment, unless combined with a stoical heart, is sometimes fatal to the repose of its possessor; for, like the gifted Cassandra, it is destined to see things to which others are blind or incredulous, and often therefore occasions unpleasant collision with prevalent sentiments and admiration.—*Chulow*.

It is of no great advantage to possess a lively wit, if it be not just. The perfection of a clock is not to go fast, but to keep good time.—*Vauvenargues*.